Enter Edward and Richard, with Drums and Soldiours.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be reſolu'd,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a Lyon midſt a heard of Neat,
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his ſonne.

Three ſunnes appeare in the Ayre.

Edw. Loe, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious ſunne,
Dazle mine eyes, or do I ſee three ſuns?

Rich. Three glorious ſunnes, not ſeparated by a racking cloud
But ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining sky.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowd ſome league inuiolate.
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one ſunne,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the ſonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Already each one ſhining by his meed,
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining ſuns.
But what art thou that look'ſt ſo heauily?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine.

Edw. Oh ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Meſ. VVhen as the noble Duke was put to flight,
and then purſude by *Clifford* and the Queene,
and many ſouldiors moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forc'ſt the Duke to yeeld,

and

And then they ſet him on a mo
And crown'd the gracious Du
VVho then with teares began
The ruthleſſe Queene perceiu
Gaue him a handkercher to wi
Dipt in the blood of ſweet yo
By rough Clifford ſlaine: who
Then through his breſt they t
VVho like a Lambe fell at the
Then on the gates of Yorke th
And there it doth remaine the
That ere mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York
Now thou art gone, there is n
Now my ſoules Palace is bec
Oh would ſhe breake from c
For neuer ſhall I haue more ic

Rich. I cannot weepe, for
Scarſe ſerues to quench my fu
I cannot ioy till this white R
Euen in the heart blood of th
Richard, I bare thy name, and
Or dye my ſelfe in ſeeking of

Edw. His name that valia
His chaire and Dukedome th

Rich. Nay, if thou be that
Shew thy deſcent by gazing
For Chaire, and Dukedome
For either that is thine, or el

Enter the Earle of War
ancient,

War. How now faire Lord

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, ſhould
And at each words deliueran
Till all were told, the words
More anguiſh then the woun